

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, May 26, 1898, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Twin Oaks, Thursday May 26, 1898. My darling Alec:

I had nearly written 1828 instead of 1898 so often have I written the former date lately. I wish you would sometime read these letters of my grandfather's. They are not distinguished by grace of style or elegance of diction and like Papa he is far more intent always in getting his thought down than in expressing it in the best way and there is far too much religion in them to suit our modern ideas. On the other hand he impresses me with being perfectly sincere in all his piety there is nothing in the slightest degree sanctimonious about all he says, nothing done for effect — “Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh”, seems absolutely true with him. The Lord is with him, an ever present living God, to whom his heart always turns with thankfulness for all His mercies. We always leaves at least a tiny space at the end of the letters that he may bid her Good morning the next day for he always writes at night. Sometimes he is so sleepy that he can hardly write, once he apologizes for blots as he actually went to sleep in the midst of his sentence. I know this so well myself. He has so “many bad old habits” that he expects her to help him conquer, he is too fond of staying up at night, doesn't like getting up at half past 6 in the morning as much as he thinks he ought to, is not as regular and punctual as he should be, wont she help him by her encouragement and her example to be regular and punctual because regularity of habits is important for the welfare of the children and wont she pray with and for him that he may fulfil his duties to her and to their children and in all things act rightly. I do think he must have been a charming man sincerely and unaffectedly pious a gentle and loving father and thoughtful husband and quite ready for a little bit of fun, as for instance he and his law partner were away from home hard at work over some case. A parcel was brought for the partner and another for him and he began untying his. His

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partner said, "Oh I wouldn't do that now" "Very well", said Judge Hubbard "hand me over your letter and we will go on together" B " But it's from my wife and I must read it!" "Well I am looking for something very near that" "Oh I never thought of that." This is the story about as it is told, and I think only a man with fun in him would have acted in that way — no demurr— only "hand me your letter."

There I did not mean to fill my letter with all this dead and buried love of seventy years ago, alive as it seems to me now, do you mind my writing so much of what I am interested in? There is little else here, we live so very very quietly. I think it must be so hard for Mamma after her full life with Papa. I go down to tuck her in bed every night and it almost breaks my heart to see her all alone there. For fifty-one years she has had Papa with her and now she is left. I cannot get reconciled to it.

So you went camping out with Mr. Fearon. The message was telephoned out to me Mr. Pearson and we had a great time telegraphing until we got the F. and then I understood. I hope that you did a lot of walking and feel much better. Why didn't you telegraph me you were going, I would not have sent all those telegrams and bothered about not getting them sooner.

Mr. Messer came this morning and painted me a little view in the grounds, I thought I would put some of Papa's money in this. I wish you could write Mamma, she is well and enjoys the place, very much and so do I but I am homesick for you and my own home. Still I am thankful to be here.

Mr. Totten called this afternoon, I simply can't stand his coming out to be snubbed by Elsie, it makes me fairly sick. She doesn't really snub him but of course I know that he wants to see her alone and she won't pay him any attention. Of course that is right enough as she does not want to encourage him but it makes me feel so unhappy for him. Grace says why should I be unhappy for him if he isn't for himself but I know he is, he is fearfully nervous,

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Lovingly, Mabel.